

please"; and with the third cup we find our relations so far improved, and friendly feeling so far developed, that we can enter into conversation with our neighbours.

To make my narrative complete, and place my readers on an easy and familiar footing with me, I must say something of the cause of an absence so protracted. I had had a weary winter's work. Cheerless November and the cold Christmas time were made beautiful and radiant by a spiritual harvest. For years I had been sowing, and ever and anon reaping partial harvests; but now a glorious harvest ingathering was given to us. For months I was incessantly busy with exhausting work. Preaching exhausts; but personal dealing with anxious souls, if one is at all sympathetic, is more exhausting still. My heart was glad, but my brain was weary. I needed rest. The possibility of "doing" the Mediterranean opened up to me; possibility ripened into probability, and probability into fact—I am off, "outward bound."

I am constrained to say, parenthetically, that if congregations were a little more thoughtful and considerate to their hard-working ministers, and if, when energies are failing and brain exhausted, they would provide means and time for rest, we should hear less of breakdowns and more of close attachments and longer pastorates. After the lapse of years as I look back upon the scenes and circumstances immediately preceding my holiday, of which this story purports to be some record, I am constrained to give God thanks for the sympathy and kindness of a people who shall ever live near to my heart.

I had not been twenty four hours on board the *s.s. Morocco* before I found that I must once for all hoist my true colours and nail them to the mast. I had not come to work, but to rest, but at the same time, a servant of Christ could never dream of months' intercourse with passengers, officers and crew, apart from the demand of loyalty to that cause which is dear to him. Our little world consisted of seventy souls all told, and on these I felt the necessity of bringing the Gospel of Jesus Christ to bear. A lover of the sea from my boyhood, I had deep sympathy with the sailor class—a class of men so peculiarly shut out from all religious privileges, and yet so susceptible to religious impression.

The present narrative will seek to tell in a homely way the history of a humble, quiet and unobtrusive work.

The first evening at sea found two of us in my state room inaugurating family prayer. I had discovered among the passengers a Scotchman from Glasgow—my ain toun, and him I invited to join with me to honour the old hallowed institution of "family prayer." Together we poured out our hearts to that God to whom all are bound by the golden chain of prayer.

Our hearts were tender at leaving home, and our prayers were earnest on behalf of the dear ones there. By and by others expressed a desire to join us, and of course were heartily welcome. Each evening added to our numbers; until in a state-room of about six feet square, we had an attendance of eight or nine. Considering that our course was southerly, and the heat, therefore, becoming more intense, our circumstances were not the most favourable. We did, indeed, experience melting moments. Compelled by these circumstances to seek more commodious quarters, I consulted the Captain. With much good will he entered into our scheme, and offered us the saloon as the place for evening prayer, and promised personal attendance. A little canvassing, and a few kindly invitations sufficed to inaugurate our evening hour of prayer as an institution of the ship.

Every evening, except when in port, and in all weathers, a goodly company assembled round one of the saloon tables, each furnished with a Bible. In good old Scotch fashion we read "verse about." Occasionally a conversation on the passage ensued, giving exceptional opportunity for speaking a word for Christ. Never shall the memory of this sweet hour pass away. With the noise of many waters around us, far from home and friends, fellowship with God was passing sweet.

From small beginnings great issues come. This was the commencement of a work for God on board ship, which, slowly and naturally developing, grew into proportions which my story may indicate, but cannot fully represent.

#### SOME PRELATES THAT PUT PROTESTANTISM IN DANGER.

The Protestantism of Ontario, we are told, is in danger. There are six Protestants in Ontario for one Catholic. Just how that *one* Catholic is to make it dangerous for the *six* Protestants has not been made clear. During the Peninsular War an Irish soldier brought in a dozen prisoners. His superior officer asked him how he had captured so many. "Sure, sor," answered Patrick, "*I surrounded them.*" In some such way, perhaps, that one Catholic may lead the six Protestants to prison or somewhere else. He may surround them. Whilst Dr. Laing and other eminent men are heading off Archbishop Lynch, and keeping the one Catholic from surrounding the six Protestants, we address ourselves to the humbler duty of naming a few prelates that we think do Protestantism much more harm than Archbishop Lynch is doing. Of course we are quite liable to be wrong in our opinions in regard to these prelates. We have never been able to rise to the sublime height of infallibility that some Protestants rise to. We are sadly conscious of the fact that we sometimes make mis-